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The Pathfinder

OCTOBER, 1908

Burne-Jones

By GEORGE B. ROSE

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subscriptions for volume three, beginning July, 1908, are fifty cents in advance, and are taken for the complete year only. After October 1 the rate will be 75 cents; after March 1, one dollar. Foreign subscriptions are 25 cents additional.

Volume one is no longer in print. A few copies may be purchased privately. THE PATHFINDER will undertake to furnish such on request.

Of volume two there are less than a hundred copies on hand.

Unless notified to discontinue at the expiration of a subscription, it is assumed that the subscription is continued.

Remittances may be sent in stamps, but Money-Order is preferred.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

THE PATHFINDER

With the July number, 1908, THE PATHFINDER begins its third volume. During the year, a new series, *Old Wine to Drink*, by Mr. Allen, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include, among others, articles on Stevenson, Housman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romanticists, and Mr. Rose his criticisms of art and artists. There will be special numbers devoted to Dante, Poe, etc.

THE PATHFINDER contains the following feature articles in Volume II:

1. *The Ballad of the Swineherd*. By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.
2. *William Blake*. By EDWIN WILEY.
3. *William Blake*. (Concluded)
4. *Henry Timrod*. By G. L. SWIGGETT.
5. *The Passing of the Lion*. By JOHN G. NEIHARDT.
6. *Milton's Ode, Christ's Nativity*. By G. L. SWIGGETT.
7. *Abelard*. By F. W. ALLEN.
8. *Boccaccio*. By F. W. ALLEN.
9. *Rossetti*. By G. B. ROSE.
10. *The Enchanting Disenchanted*. By A. GUYOT CAMERON.
11. *The Three Strands*. By C. B. MITCHELL.

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THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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REPRINT FROM ROUSSEAU (*Back Cover Page*)

This journal is published monthly at THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE.

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All communications should be addressed as follows: The Editor of The Pathfinder, Sewanee, Tennessee.

The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnells Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

The Pathfinder

Vol. III]

OCTOBER, 1908

[No. 4

BEAUTY

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

The breath of winds within a cloistered wood,
The song of birds when twilight tints the skies,
A love-song throbbing through night's solitude
Beneath the silver stars that are dream's eyes.

Deep-shaded by the stillness of a grove,
Harking the whispers of dim-hidden trees;
Or lying in a bracken interwove
With rose-vermillion and the gold of bees.

'Tis hers, the sovereign of this fair domain,
Whose every way is sweetened with redress,
Whose house of all is far the richest fane,
Whose hands are heavy with strange loveliness.

My song is mute, there are no flowers to cull . . .
Life is too exquisite, too wonderful !

*BURNE-JONES**By* GEORGE B. ROSE

Burne-Jones is the most exquisite poet who has expressed himself in color since Botticelli. His is not the poetry of passion and power; it is the poetry of delicate fancy and far-sought romance. He finds his inspiration not in Homer or Milton, not in Dante nor the *Nibelungen Lied*. It is to the pages of the *Morte d'Arthur* that he goes, to that first part of the *Romance of the Rose* that Guillaume de Lorris wrote. His soul dwelt not in Grecian days nor in the times in which he lived, but in that dim land of mediæval phantasy, when saintly young sad-eyed warriors went forth to slay the dragons that preyed upon the land, and maidens too modest to confess their love waited wistfully for their return. It is an unreal world of dreams into which he conducts us, but of dreams so pure and beautiful that we dread the return to earth, and, like the eaters of the lotus, would gladly dwell there forever, forgetting the toil and strife, the fever and ambition of our daily life.

His art is not robust. His pale slender heroines with their great eyes full of longing for they

know not what are fragile as lilies; his young knights with their slight figures and hollow cheeks seem too frail and weary ever to achieve their quest. They know not themselves nor their desires; but with the true soul of the Middle Ages they long for something that can never come to pass. In his forms and faces there is a languor, a wistfulness, a sweet unrest that only he can reveal with the brush and Tennyson alone can utter. He shows to our eyes what Tennyson tells us in the *Idyls* and *Tears, Idle Tears*. He brings the mediæval soul before us as no one else has ever done, with all its vague and ineffectual aspirations, its dreams of unattainable perfection, its passionate love of sweetness and light which yet so strangely went astray into outer darkness. He makes us comprehend it far better than do the works of the Middle Ages themselves, for he translates their almost forgotten speech into a language that we can understand. The men of the Middle Ages would not have understood his pictures. They could not have grasped the purport of an art so perfect and so free, and they were accustomed to rely on crude symbols to express the deepest meanings. But while he could not have revealed them to themselves, he reveals

them to us; and his works are a precious possession for him who would penetrate the mediæval soul.

It is an unreal world into which he conducts us, a world of romantic fancy, as far removed from the sane humanism of Shakespeare as from the grandeur of Homer or Dante's intensity of vision. His people are all a little weary, and you wonder how his frail Knight can venture forth to meet the dragon, how his delicate maiden can toil all day at the loom, weaving those strange tissues of fanciful design. But he has the merit of the great artists that he makes the unreal seem real in the end. We know that his figures are dreams, but as we look upon them we forget that they are such, and we dwell with them as though they are living flesh and blood.

This sense of reality is due in large measure to the minute finish of his works. Everything is painted so accurately, every detail is so patiently elaborated, that when we find these dream people clothed in such real vestments and surrounded by such real furniture, the conviction is forced upon us that they and the strange region in which they dwell are not the product of a vision, but living actualities. In

the same way Boecklin convinces us of the reality of the strange hybrid monsters that he evokes from ocean and forest by painting them with such particularity that we know that he could never have presented them thus had they not stood before him in the flesh.

Burne-Jones' art is the off-shoot of Botticelli's. Without the *Spring* and the *Birth of Venus* we know not what he would have been. Yet he was not an imitator of the rare Florentine. He did not copy Botticelli, he was inspired by him. They moved in opposite directions, and they met. Botticelli was a man of the Middle Ages, who stretched out his arms with infinite longing towards the gods of Greece. He is moving forward to the new light of the Renaissance that is dawning, and he meets Burne-Jones, who, weary of that garish light, is turning back to the mediæval land of dreams. For his contemporaries, Botticelli pointed the way to the land where Apollo and the Muses sang and the world was glad with the joy of youth; but against his will he reveals that shadowy realm of strange visions and delicate fancies whence he was himself emerging. He hails the rising sun; but he unconsciously tells of the exquisite dreams that haunt the darkness and linger in the dawn.

And, as with Botticelli, it was the human face and form that mostly interested Burne-Jones. Yet, like Botticelli, he occasionally gives us a landscape background, and when he does, it has the gracious charm of Botticelli's. Perhaps his best is in the *Mirror of Venus*, where the ideal beauty of the prospect and the sense of space that it conveys are worthy of Perugino.

Of course, all this teaming imagination would be in vain were not Burne-Jones an accomplished artist. It makes no difference what forms of grace and beauty may float before the mind's eye if we cannot give them a local habitation and a name. Burne-Jones was a skillful craftsman. He who examines any collection of his drawings, particularly the extensive one in the Birmingham gallery, must be struck with the precision and delicacy with which he handles the pencil. More exquisite drawings are not to be found since Leonardo. There are many of greater power, many that tell more in fewer strokes; but in grace and refinement they can hardly be excelled. As a colorist he is no more to be compared with Rossetti or Boecklin than his great predecessor Botticelli was comparable to Titian or Rubens. As with Botticelli, it is rather the grace of the lines that impresses us

than the beauty of the color. But, as with Botticelli, his color is always appropriate and pleasing, and sometimes delightful, if never splendid. And the patience and skill with which he handles his brush are beyond all praise. His works are no hasty sketches; they are pictures finished to ultimate perfection and in all the detail that nature herself presents. And this is one of their enduring charms, as it is with the primitive masters. We are always finding in them something that we had overlooked.

It is not given to all men to enjoy Burne-Jones, any more than all can enjoy Chopin's music. For the realist who likes to see repeated the scenes of his daily life, for the impressionist who loves to dash upon the canvas the mere suggestion of a picture, for the seeker after heroic strength and classic beauty, he has no message; but for him who loves not over-much the world around him, and who would escape from its futile struggles, its devouring greed and its petty ambitions into a land of romance, where all is a little unreal, as befits a dream, and very delicate and beautiful, Burne-Jones' art is a precious boon. In its essence there is a great sameness, but in its execution there is immense variety. His pictures all show

us parts of the same realm of the heart's desire ;
but how exquisite the fancy, how varied the
presentation ! He leads us ever from one region
of delight to another more charming still, until
the return to earth comes as a rude awakening
from a delicious trance.



ROMANCE

[Adaptation from Paul Bourget.]

By FRANCIS COFFIN

O why does not this burning love
Fade with the flowers, whose pungent breath
Perfumed the summer days gone by,
And sink with them to fragrant death ?

Why does Old Boreas blow away
The withered leaves with boisterous blast,
And yet leave fast-bound to my heart
This burning love of days gone past ?

He gathers all the withered blooms
That garnished forest, field and hill ;
And yet the white rose of my heart,
Though bruised and crushed, blooms sweetly still.

This stream of tears that waters it,
O will it flow forever on ?
And this sweet melancholy rose —
Say, will it bloom when I am gone ?

*OLD WINE TO DRINK**By FRANK WALLER ALLEN**III.—SIR JOHN SUCKLING*

Dear Tusitala—This morning I am wondering why you never put Suckling into a swash-buckling, sword-a-clanking, satin and lace romance after your very heart's desire. Think what an impudent gallant, possessing all of the *matinee* properties, he would make with his blasé, nonchalant mien set off in velvets, silks and ruffles galore. And, again, think what great splendid words to juggle with are these: Boldness, assurance, audacity, hardihood, effrontery, impudence, shamelessness; fearless, brave, courageous, intrepid, undaunted, valiant, heroic, daring! Besides, you would have Vandyke's portrait to guide you, the lyrics of the poet himself with which to prove his heart, and, best of all, your painted windows through which to get the rich opalescent coloring of the atmosphere in which he moved. Aye, but he is the very poetry of fine romance!

After all, my Master, Sir John Suckling was pretty much of a man. He was a goodfellow whom men loved for comradeship's sake. You

doubtless remember how, in one of your favorite romances, D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos and Aramis, the four most man-loved heroes in all the world of fiction, intrigue and fight to save Charles I from the block? Suckling was their English brother. Had he met them in the public room of the Bedford Tavern, Green Hall Street, London, he could have ordered and eaten with them one of those most appetising suppers which old Dumas could at least make the reader smell even though he never allowed him so much as a bite. Then, after washing the food down with quite as much old wine as could Athos in the days of the *Three Musketeers*, Sir John could have gone out with the immortal four and, sword in hand, helped to thrash the half of Cromwell's army. Certainly a goodly courage was his, born of a mixture of indifference and bravado which would make him popular and well-beloved in any court of his day. And, by no means least, he loved and was loved by many women. It is true, that loving the love more than the women, he made of the *grande passion* a profession. He loved the beauty and the witchery of the girl nearest him much in the manner he loved the old wine at his lips, the lyric at his tongue's tip, or the

fight on his sword's end. And, passing strange, there was at times to be markedly seen within him the moralizing parson. (This, my dear Lantern Bearer, would have pleased you, no doubt!) Then, let me add, there was just a tinge of melancholia about our Vandykian cavalier, our lyric swashbuckler, our John-'o-light-loves, to give to his personality that air of mystery, of old, forgotten, unspeakable things, which lends unusual charm. . . Thus, always in debts, always in love, always a lyric on his lips, always sadness in his heart, and always right warm and ready passion in his eyes—what better material do you want, Teller of Tales? . . Well, that was Suckling.

Now all during this frenzied, tumultuous times of Charles I, in which Suckling lived, he produced much and various writings. It is true he is best remembered as a lyric poet, yet he wrote and published several plays which received more than usual notice for genuine dramatic possibilities. His *Aglaure* is notable as having been the first play acted with actual scenery. Also, to show the versatile nature of the man's mind, his prose essays, *Thoughts on Religion* and *A Tract on Socinianism*, should be remembered. Most of all, for its bearing on the heart of the

man, I recall to you the fact that in an age of licentiousness he wrote never a line of impure or vicious verse with which to degrade letters.

But the end is the trouble, my dear Master, for there is a difference between romance and life. I remember well your right good philosophy about beginning a tale to end well, or tragically, as the case might be; and the difficulty with the real Suckling is that it begins to end well, though, as you know, it does not. It is a most sorry, pitiable, and unhappy passing for our once brave friend. Aye, dear Lantern Bearer, it is to have conquered death to die bravely and unafraid. . . But there are the rose-colored windows, and in the book you'll end it happily at some triumphant moment of his merrier days before debt made him craven-hearted and poisoned his fine nobleness. My Master, some men, and you are one of them, were not made to fight the battle of mere vulgar poverty. They have not the gift of money-handling and the haggling commerce spirit, and such a one was our Sir John. It was debt and his genuine utter inability to cope with it that killed his honor, turned him coward and sent him, an exile to a suicide's grave.

A gay philosophy, a lover's tongue, a poet's

heart, a gallant's arm, are poor weapons with which to meet a world whose standards are based, relatively, upon shillings and pounds. Sometimes it is tragic to live too long within your "phantasmigoric chamber." . . . So here's a bumper, of our old wine, drunk at the window, to John Suckling, window painter. God rest his soul!



EPITHALAMIUM

By WARWICK JAMES PRICE

A year ago! A year ago!
It seems it can't be true!
Time's fastest once was all too slow,
When I was not with you.
While now the months and weeks fly past
Like an electric carriage;
Time's slowest now is all too fast,—
It's all been changed by marriage.

A year ago! We'd said good-bye
To all our single pleasures,
And hand in hand — just you and I! —
Stepped forth to double measures.
The last adieux, the lessening cheer,
The tell-tale ribbons streaming,
And then we found (Oh, Heart! 'twas dear!)
How true had been our dreaming.

—
The flaming Autumn hills, the breeze
 Its song to sunshine tuning,
With kindly comrades such as these
 We started honeymooning.
We drove, we walked ; above all, *planned*;
 Until, at last, stern duty
Bade say farewell to Berkshire land,
 And turn to bricks from beauty.

How sweet was that first home of ours !
 Yes, "is," we still are in it ;
Where Cupid sings away the hours,
 Full-throated as a linnet.
You dear old flat ! Four rooms,—a hall
 And band-box bath included,—
I wonder how you'll look of all
 Our household gods denuded ?

The months sped by. At last the Spring
 Departed from the *tapis*,
But even August's hottest sting
 Could not make home less happy.
If breezes wouldn't come our way,
 On Bay or 'bus we'd find 'em ;—
Discomforts seldom come to stay,
 And true love never minds 'em.

Now, with the Autumn's shortening days,
 Back to the uplands turning,
We'll find the hillsides all ablaze,
 In red-gold splendors burning.
There, where our year began, amid
 The peaceful country glory,
Once more deep in its beauties hid,
 We'll close the twelve-month's story.

*VENITE**By JEANNETTE MARKS*

In its flight a single petal traversed the window: it drifted; it dipped, making a bell of the air; it fluttered; it whirled; then, elfinlike, darted to the ground. The window had become a pageant frame for the flight of butterflies in summer; in autumn, the bacchic dance of leaves; in winter, the whirling of snow flakes; and the drift of apple blossoms in spring. Feeling that lay delightless, bound by a mute sense of its impotent life, stirred. Sunshine, honey-pale, crept in and the dust quivered and grew warm. The sunshine widened, became sunnier, deeper; and there were my thoughts free and spirit-shaped of the wind and gold and blue of the world.

Remembered, the petal seemed to beckon to me, and, in its flight, passed over my lips a rosy finger. From my quiet cottage in its nest of apple trees I looked across the way to an old house on a bare ample lawn, by the white portico a dead bush, twining up the side post a braided vine. Couchant, shutters closed, the old manse dozed unawakened by the rush of

—

birds through the air or the twitter and scatter of swallows blown like leaves across the sky. What did that old house know? My heart drew back at the thought; and I turned to the field beside me, looking down past its tasselled tops to the green, sun-rayed shallows of the wheat; beyond, to the spun-mist of a meadow of June grass, delicate yet defined; and away to upland after upland, white with flowers, aflame with sorrel, brown with furrows, grey with sand, silver with the wind.

The grass at my feet is blowing west; above, the tree-tops are bending westward; yonder, the clouds are sailing west, and the hills trailing shadow and sunshine are leading on, a winding path into wonderland; overhead is a vaster roadway, by day the golden high road of the sun, blue distance changing now to the amber sea of sunset; by dark, the white path of the moon with the glow of fire-flies in the grass and of star-shine in the sky.

Where I lie are all the friendly shiftings of the brush: brown birch tassels rolling over, blades of grass clicking, dry leaves curling up, the roar of a bee zig-zagging past, the flicking of gnats against the leaves. The lavender cup of wild geranium looking down into my eyes is

a face nodding over my face. Through the purple of briars and the latticed-light of ferns, transparent shadows vanish into cool dells. Overhead is the soft droop of the maple, the hollow palms of apple leaves held up hungrily, the gray of the poplar turning silver in the twilight, the twinkle of birch leaves; the uneasy stirring to and fro of the branches; the piping of a little gust that goes ruffling up the tops of the trees, speeding away while the branches settle back to quietness; and beyond, the slow surging of some elms caught in a deeper current of the wind.

Dreaming, wide-eyed, I see the wind showering over the long meadow-grass; the blown spray of leaf-shadows; tossing branches waving scarf-like upon the earth; surging tree tops, their colour shifting green and silver; clouds unrolling along the uplands; the flume of shadow between two valley hills; the vaulted shade of the roadway with its clustered arch of black branch work and depth after depth of sunlit green; across the path the heaving up and down of a single shadow; beyond, cool aisles through the apple trees.

White shadow of blossoms, brown of the earth, gray of the road, green shadows of the

woods, are all gathered now into twilight and fading, as the flowering tree above me fades, into night. The chime of the thrush is still. One sprig of an apple branch blots the face of the moon, gauzy winged moths shaking the moonlight through gray spreading spaces and through leaves. With the drift of cool air flutters a breath of warm, soft candle-flame upon my cheek, little fingers upon my eyes. From the dusky sky through the leaves dew comes dropping down — spirit of falling rain.

Recent Publications

F. R. POOLE.—*Mugen*. A fine lyric note and technique are evident throughout this modest little volume of verse. Bridgeport, Conn: Niles Publishing Co. 1907.

F. MOLNAR.—*The Devil*. The mere perusal of this play will readily explain its dramatic success. It is a virile, brilliant production with distinctive literary excellence. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1908.

J. J. BELL.—*Thou Fool*. By the author of *Wee Macgregor*. This strong story of the rise to power and wealth of a poor Scotch boy by present-day trade methods must unquestionably appeal to Americans. Burns' lines fairly haunt the reader. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1908.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.—*The Little Brown Jug at Kildare*. This novel is worth while if only to furnish the book for a capital comic opera. Don't take the world *au sérieux* and you'll thoroughly enjoy this improbable, frolicsome tale of the households of the governors of North and South Carolina. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1908.

AGNES REPPLIER.—*A Happy Half-Century*. One can easily understand the writer's half-serious regret that she had not been elected to live somewhere in the years 1775 to 1825, the half-century so happily treated in these little essays. Nearly every phase of social and literary interest is treated with great charm. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

A. C. BENSON.—*At Large*. The title *At Close Range* might have been better for these essays of keen insight and quiet humor. This writer who has delighted recently the English-reading public has never been so confessional. The essay on *Specialism* explains his deserved success. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

FERRIS GREENSLET.—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*. Prerequisites in the making of this biography are discriminating taste and an intimate knowledge of American life and letters. These conditions are admirably met by the author. It is a handsome library edition with valuable bibliography. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

GABRIEL COMPAYRÉ.—*Michel de Montaigne*. One of the *Pioneers of Education Series*. The general reader will find no more interesting book on the subject of education; in fact, the life, pedagogy and influence of Montaigne is so pleasingly treated that one does not suspect the thesis of the book, *e. g.*, education of the judgment. The student of pedagogy, however, will find it a valuable book. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1908

FREDERIC HARRISON.—*Realities and Ideals*. Few men of to-day possess the catholic interest of this writer, and fewer yet have his sovereign faith that ideals of to-day become realities to-morrow. *Humani nihil a me alienum* is the key and charm to the recently published four volumes of essays and addresses, of which this is the last. His cosmopolitan view-point and occasional insular expression gives an added piquancy to those on *Literature and Art*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

E. VACANDARD.—*The Inquisition*. Translated by B. L. Conway. A modest little book, scholarly in its details, on this institution from the time of the early Christians to the Renaissance. While objective in treatment, the writer's manner is not always as dispassionate as he doubtless intended. Footnotes, bibliography and index add to the usefulness of the book. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1908.

C. H. PAGE.—*Molière*. To have the best of Molière, *c'est la comédie*, in this handsome two-volume edition is something deserving of the gratitude of English readers. The verse plays are done into English verse for the first time, and exceedingly well done too. The edition is in every sense adequate with Brander Matthews' well-written introduction, with the bibliography and a preface to each play. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

OSCAR KUHN.—*The Sense of the Infinite*. A study of the transcendental element in literature, life and religion, from the time of Plato to the present. A simple and sympathetic study of a common race experience, of the force that has produced the things worth while, seeking now this man, now this age, as its expression. It is really a literary study in the manner of Herder, although suggesting the *genre* studies of Brunetière. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1908.

Beautifully printed and with an excellent introduction. . . . A charming book.—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, Princeton University.

MILTON'S ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

* *
*



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE begs leave to announce that it has a limited number of the Regular Edition of Milton's ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

This edition contains the Introduction, written with insight and appreciation by Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, the head of the Department of Modern Languages at The University of the South.

The book is a cap octavo, the page being four and one-quarter by seven inches, printed with black ink from Caslon type, the title-page and colophon being rubricated.

The architectonic border of the title-page and the several initial letters in outline were drawn specially for this book.

A special edition of ten copies was printed on Japan paper, bound in full morocco boards, lettered in gold and lined with silk. These copies were illuminated by the Sister Superior of the Order of S. Mary in the State of Tennessee. The price of these were \$10 each, and they were all subscribed for before the book was published.

The Regular Edition consisted of 250 copies, printed on Strathmore deckle-edged paper, bound in boards covered with blue-gray French hand-made paper, with white backs, the title being printed with gold-leaf. Of the 225 copies which were for sale at \$1 each, a small number is yet available. The book will make a choice gift for birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, and at Easter and Christmas time. All who are in any way interested in fine book-making should possess themselves of this little volume.

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